Which 1400. yeares agoe were nail'd,
For our advantage on the bitter Crosse:
But this our purpose is but twelue months old,
And booteleſſe 'tis to tell you, we will goe.
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cosin *Westmerland*,
What yester night our Counsell did decree,
In forwarding his deare expedience.
West. My Liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set downe;
But yesternight, when all athwart, there came
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heavy newes;
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herfordshire*, to fight
Against the irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butcherd:
Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameleſſe transformation
By those Welsh-women done, as may not be
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.
King. It seemes then, that the tydings of this broyle
Brake off our businesse for the Holy-land.
West. This match with other like, my Gracious Lord;
Far more uneven and unwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspur* there
Yong *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
That very valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:
As by discharge of their Artillery,
And shape of likelihood newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take Horse,
Uncertane of the issue any way.
King. Here is a deare, and true industrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,

Stain'd

Stain'd with the variations of each soyle,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this seate of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome new
The Earle of *Douglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
Balkt in their own blood, did sir *Walter* see
On *Holmedon* plaine: of prisoners *Hotspur* tooke
Mordake Earle of *Fife*, and eldest sonne
To beaten *Douglas*, and the Earle of *Atholl*,
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*:
And is not this an honorable spoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha, Cosin, is it not? In faythit is.
West. A conquest for a Prince to boast of.
King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st m
In envy, that my Lord *Northumberland*
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne,
A Sonne, who is the Theame of honors tongue,
Amongst a Grove, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweete Fortunes Minion, and her pride;
Whil'st I by looking on the prayse of him,
See Ryot and dishonour staine the brow
Of my yong *Harry*. O that it could be prov'd
That some night-tripping *Fairy* had exchang'd
In cradle cloathes our children where they lay,
And cal'd mine *Percy*, his Plantaginet!
Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you, C
Of this yong *Percies* pride? The Prisoners
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his own use he keepes, and sends me word,
I shall have none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.
West. This is his Unkles teaching, this is *Worcester*
Malevolent to you in all aspects:
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.
King. But I have sent for him to answer this:
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to *Ierusalem*.